

The Delights of the Bottle:

O R,

The Town-Gallants Declaration for Women and Wine.

Being a Description of a Town-bred Gentleman, with all his Intreagies, Pleasure, Company, Humour, and Conversation.
 Gallants, from faults he cannot be exempt,
 Who doth a task so difficult attempt;
 I know I shall not hit your features right,
 'Tis hard to imitate in black and whight,
 To a most Admirable New Tune, every where much in request.

Some Lines were drawn by a more skilful hand,
 And which they were you'll quickly understand,
 Excuse me therefore if I do you wrong,
 I did but make a Ballad of a Song.



The Delights of the Bottle, a charms of god wine
 To the pow'r & the pleasures of love must resign,
 Though the night in the joys of god drinking be past,
 The rebauches but till the next morning doth last;
 But loves great debauch is more lasting and strong,
 For that often lasts a man all his life long.

Love, and Wine, are the bonds that fasten us all,
 The world, but for this, to confusion would fall:
 Were it not for the pleasures of love and god wine,
 Man-kind, for each trifle, their lives would resign:
 They'd not value dull life, or trou'd live without thinking
 Nor Kings rule the world, but for love & god drinking.
 For the Slave, and the Dull, by sobriety cur'st'd,
 That would ne'er take a glass, but for quenching his thirst,
 He that once in a month takes a touch of the Hooch.

The Second part, to the same Tune.

And poor Nature up-holds with a bit and a knock,
 What ever the ignorant Rabbler may say,
 Tho' he breaths till a hundred, he lives but a day.
 Let the Puritan preach against wenchess, and drink,
 He may praise out his lungs, but I know what I think
 When the Lecture is done, he'll a Miller entice,
 Not a Lecher in Town can Out-do him at Dice:
 Who beneath his Religion, he stills his joys,
 And becomes a Daburch without clamour or noise.
 Twixt the Wives of both, little difference lyes,
 But that one is more open, the other precise:
 Though he drinks like a chick, with his eye-balls lift up,
 Yet I'll warrant the boy, he shall take off his cup:
 His Religious debauch, does the gallants out-match,
 For a Saint is his Wench, and a Psalm is his Catch.

For the Lady of Mercur, & Honour so strict,
 That who off'res her Guinneys deserves to be kick'd
 Who with spot by her self, doth her fancy beguile,
 That's alham'd o'f a jest, and afraid of a smile:
 May she lye by her self, till she wear out the states,
 Going down to her Dinner, and up to her Prayers.
 But let us that have Noble and generous souls,
 No method observe, but in filling our bowls:
 Let us frolick it round, to replenish our veins,
 And with nations divine, to enspice our brains.
 'Tis a way that's Gentile, and is found to be god,
 Both to quicken the Mist, and enliven the blood.
 What a pleasure it is to see bottles before us,
 With the women among us to make up the Chorus?
 Now a Jest, now a Catch, now a Bals, now a Health,
 Till our pleasure comes on by insensible stealth,
 And when grown to a height, with our Girls we retire
 By a higher enjoyment, to slacken the fire.
 And this is the way that the wiser do take,
 A perpetual motion in pleasure to make:
 With a kind of Obrian, we fill up each vein,
 All the Spirits of which love's Limerick must drain:
 While the soberer Sort, has no motion of blood,
 For his fancy is nothing but puddle and mud.
 He's a Slave to his soul, who in spite of his sense,
 With a Clog of his own putting on can dispence,
 For he fetters himself, when at large he might rove,
 So he's ty'd from the sweets of god drinking and love,
 Yet he's satisfied well, that he's thought to be wise,
 By the Dull and foolish: I mean the precise.
 For my part whatever the consequence be,
 To my will and my fancy, I'll always be free,
 They are mad that do wilfully run upon themselves,
 Since dangers, and troubles, will come of themselves,
 For who ever dursteth to live like a man,
 We must be without trouble as long as he can.
 And these are the pleasures true Gallants do find,
 To which if you are not, you should be inclin'd,
 If you follow my counsel, you take off the curse,
 And if you do not, we see never the worse:
 Yet none will refuse but a Beggar or Elf,
 Who to carry on the humour, wants Money or Wit.